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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

"A Day in the Country."

Pent in close, unwholesome places,
Where the sun can scarcely shine,
Little children, with pale faces,
In their abject squalor pine.
Tis a spot that's fever-haunted;
Where they draw a poisoned breath;
But the poor work on undaunted
In that atmosphere of death.

Though the children that they cherish
Swiftly fade away and die,
Though the little babies perish
And in nameless grave-plots lie,
Still the workers plod on grimly
Where the thick black smoke is curled,
Sometimes, maybe, feeling dimly
There's somewhere a brighter world.

Tho' poor children, sad the story,
Never saw a stately tree,
Nor beheld the sunset glory
O'er the flower-dappled lea,
Never saw the stars gleaming
And the streams that wimple down;
Far the meadows' fragrant mazes
From the close courts of the town.

They have never seen the ocean
Break in thunder on the strand,
All the wild waves' mad emotion
When the surge o'erleaps the land;
Never known the twilight tender
When the storm-wind has passed by,
Or the pale moon's silver splendor
When the sky reflects the sky.

Take them one day, then, from sorrow,
From the haunts of sin and crime,
That from gladness they may borrow
Comfort for the after-dim;
Let them see the country smiling,
Shining stream and flower-clad plain,
All their wee and hearts beguiling
From a life so full of pain.

One small luxury untasted,
One delight all in the hours,
And the pittance won't be wasted,
Since the children see the flowers.
Sir, your button-hole has posies;
Madam, your fan too. Suppose
You for once give up your roses,
That the children see one rose.

London Punch.

STORY TELLER.

Left on the Field.

I can remember our rush through the woods, the humming of bullets, the falling of the branches broken by them, and all the trouble it cost us to force our way through the thicket of white thorn. The rifle became heavier. Through the edge of the woods we could see something red, shining at intervals. Sidorof, a young soldier of the first company, a little fellow (and how did he happen to be in that company, I kept wondering,) suddenly sank on the ground and began to stare at me with his eyes very wide open. Then a gush of blood came from his mouth.

Yes I can remember it well; I also remember that when we were nearly to the edge of the woods, among the thick bushes, I saw him—him, the Turk, huge, enormous. I ran right at him, slim and weak as I am. Something burst—something tremendous, it seems to me, flew right by me, and my ears rang. "He shot at me," I thought to myself; but he, yelling with rage, flung himself into a big clump of thorn bushes. He might have run round it; but in his fright, he never thought of doing it, and tried to break his way through the branches. With one blow I knocked his rifle out of his hand; then I plunged my bayonet into him somewhere I did not exactly know where; something half roared, half moaned. Then I rushed further on.

Our men were cheering, falling firing. I remember also shooting several times, but not until after I had got out of the woods, into the open field. All of a sudden the hurrahs became louder than ever, and we advanced—that is to say our men advanced—for I remained behind. It seemed queer to me that I was staying behind, but what seemed still queerer was that everything disappeared, and all the sound of firing and shooting suddenly stopped. I heard nothing more—I could still see something blue. Then the blue was gone also.

Never before in my life had I found myself in such a strange condition. I am now lying upon my stomach, and all I can see is a bit of the ground. There are a few blades of grass and an ant running down one of them, head foremost; these are patches of last year's grass, and this is my universe now. And I can see it only with one eye, for the other is pressed against by something hard—the branch under my head. I feel myself horribly cramped, frightfully uncomfortable, and I want to move, but I cannot, and it is absolutely impossible for me to understand why I cannot.

Thus time passes. I hear the whizzing sound made by grasshoppers, the humming of the bees. Nothing except that—absolutely nothing else. Finally, I make a great effort. I manage to get my right arm from un-

derneath me, and by pressing both arms against the ground I try to lift myself so as to get upon my knees. A lancinating pain, swift as lightning, shoots through my whole body—from my knees to my chest and head; I fall back. Darkness again and nothingness.

I am awake once more. How is it that I see the stars which shine so bright in this dark-blue sky of Bulgaria? Then I am not in the tent? Why did I leave it? I try to move, and feel an atrocious pain in my legs. I lift myself and try to sit on the ground. A hard thing to do when one's feet are shot to pieces. Several times I try—I feel like giving up in despair. At last with tears of pain in my eyes, I succeed in sitting up.

Above me I see a stretch of dark-blue sky in which there is one big star shining, and several little ones. But all around me there is something dark and high; those are bushes, underbrush. I am still in the bushes; they never found me.

I feel a quivering passing over by head, at the roots of my hair.

Pale, pink lights commence to quiver about me. The big star is fading out; soon the little ones have disappeared altogether. It is the rising of the moon! How pleasant it must be at home now!

Strange sounds reach me—sounds as if somebody was moaning. Yes, a groan, is there another wounded man near me, with his feet also broken, or with a ball in his entrails? No, the groans seem to be so near, and still there is nobody beside me! My God! why, it is myself! Low moans, complaining moans. Am I really so much hurt as that? I must be. Only I can't just tell how much pain I feel, because my head feels to be all full of lead and confusion. Better lie down and sleep, sleep, sleep. But if I do will I ever wake up again? Well, it certainly does not make any difference to me whether I ever do or not.

At the moment I prepare to lie down a broad streak of moonlight clearly illuminates the spot where I lie, and I see something long and dark on the ground about five paces from me. On the dark subject I can distinguish little points which catch the light; they are buttons or decorations of a uniform; the dark thing is either a corpse or a poor wounded soldier.

"Help—help!"

Wild, mad, hoarse cries escape me, and receive no answer. They re-echo and rise in the night air; everything else is silent. Only the crickets drum continually, just as they were doing before. The moon looks at me, and seems to pity me with its round face.

If he were only wounded—ah, the other fellow, my cries would certainly have aroused him. That is a dead man? One of our men? No, a Turk! Oh, my God! As if it were not all the same thing. And sleep weighs down my burning eyelids, and for a time I am forgetful.

All this while the heat is growing, the sun burns. I open my eyes; I see the same bushes, the same sky; only now in the brightness of day. Ah! there is my neighbor. Yes, a Turk—a corpse! What a huge fellow! I recognize him. It is the same. Before me lies the very man I killed. Why did I kill him?

He lies there dead and all bloody. Why did fate ever bring him here? Who is he? Perhaps he had an old mother just like me. She will be waiting many long hours, evening after evening, at the door of her poor little hut, straining her eyes toward the far north. He won't come; she will wonder why he does not come; her son, her strong help, her support.

And I. But I would be glad to change places with him. How happy he is now! He does not see anything; he does not feel the pain of his wounds, nor the misery of despair, nor the torture of thirst. The bayonet went right through his heart. I can see a great black hole in his uniform, with blood all around it. It was I who made that!

Well, but what am I guilty of—I that killed him? Why should I be tortured with thirst in this way? Thirst! How many know what the word means? Even when we were passing through Roumania, making forced marches of fifty versts under a terrible heat of one hundred and four degrees, I never felt what I feel now. Oh, if somebody would only come!

My God! but surely he must have water in that immense gourd of his! I must get there. What a price I will have to pay for doing it! Never mind! I'll get there.

I am crawling. My feet catch on the ground, and every time I move the

pain is unbearable. I scream, horrible screams; still I crawl all the same. At last! Here is the gourd! There is water in it! And what a lot there is in it! More than half full, I should say. Oh, water! I will have enough to last me a long time—until I die.

Thou, my victim, savest me! I try to detach the gourd, while leaning on my elbow, but all at once I lose my balance, and fall with my face on the body. It already exhales a strong cadaveric odor.

I have quenched my thirst, anyhow. The water was lukewarm, but not bad. And there was plenty of it. I will live a few days more. I remember reading in the "Physiology of Common Life" that a man can live for more than a week without food, on condition that he has plenty to drink; there is even a mention in the book of man who wanted to commit suicide by starving himself to death. He took a long time to die, because he drank.

Wouldn't it be better to die right now? I see a rifle lying beside my neighbor—an excellent English rifle. I have only to put out my hand to get it; one minute later, it would be all over! Cartridges? there is a whole pile on the ground. He did not have time to fire them all away. Shall I end the affair this way or wait? Wait for what? Deliverance? Death? Wait till the Turks come to tear the skin off my wounded feet? Better myself.

No! I must never give up. I'll struggle on to the very end. If they find me, I am saved. Perhaps the bones have not been broken. I'll get well, I will see the country again—and my mother—and Macha. The sun has risen. His enormous disk, with the black branches of the bushes cutting across it, is red like blood. I think the day will be very hot. Neighbor, what is going to become of you? You are hideous enough now.

To be lying near him is absolutely unendurable. I must drag myself somewhere else, whatever it costs. Will I be able to do it? I can just lift my hand, open the gourd, drink, but how shall I ever be able to move this heavy and immobile body of mine? I must try all the same; I can move little by little—even if I only make half a yard an hour.

All the morning is spent in this effort. The pain is terrible; but what does pain matter now? I can't remember any more, I can't imagine any more how an able-bodied, healthy man feels. Seems as if I'd become quite habituated to pain. During the morning, however, I have been able to drag myself the distance of two sajenes, and now I am in my old place again. But I have not been able to enjoy the fresh air long—if I can call this fresh air—with a decomposing corpse only six paces away.

Suddenly, at the river crossing, I see some Cossacks—Cossacks! blue uniforms with red facings and lances—a whole half sotnia (half-hundred). In front, on a splendid horse, an officer with a black beard. As soon as the half-sotnia has crossed the river, he turns his whole body round in the saddle, shouts:

"At a trot, for-ward!"

"Halt! halt! for mercy's sake! Help—help, my little brothers!"

I scream; but the trampling of hoofs, the clinking of sabres, the noisy chatter of the Cossacks, drown my voice—nobody hears me.

Oh, malediction! Exhausted, I fall on my face and groan aloud, and the hot tears stream from my eyes. From the gourd, which I have upset, the water is poured out—the water, my life, my salvation, the reprieve from my fate! And I did not notice it until there was only half a wine-glass full left. All the rest had been drunk up by the greedy, arid ground.

How can I remember the torpor that fell on me after the terrible accident? I was lying motionless, my eyes half closed. The wind was veering in all directions—now blowing a fresh, pure air to me, then again wafting to me great waves of stench. That day my neighbor had become too frightful to describe. Only once did I venture to open my eyes to look at him; I was seized with terror at the sight. His face was all gone—his flesh had fallen away from the bones. That hideous, bony smile—the eternal smile—filled me with unspeakable horror, although I had often had human skulls in my hands, and had dissected several heads. But a skeleton in uniform, with its buttons of bright metal! It made me shiver. That is War, I thought to myself—that is his image!

But death won't come—won't take

me. And I must lie under this terrible sun, without one mouthful of water to cool my burning throat—and, oh, that pestilential corpse! It is absolutely melting! When he shall have been all eaten up, and there shall be nothing left but the bones and the uniform—then it will be my turn. And I shall be soon in the very same condition.

A day passes. A night passes. Always the same thing. Morning comes. Always the same thing. Another whole day goes by.

The bushes are quivering, trembling, whispering, "Thou shalt die! thou shalt die! thou shalt die!"—that is what they are saying. And those on the other side answer, "Thou shalt not see! thou shalt not see; thou shalt not see anything more!" And a very loud voice cries out close to me:

"Over there—can't you see anything more?"

I start and come to myself. From behind the bushes a pair of good, kind blue eyes are staring at me—the kind blue eyes of Lakovlef, our iefreitor (soldier of the first class).

"Spades this way!" he cried; "there are two here; one of our men, and one of theirs."

"Don't bring spades! don't bury me alive! I am alive! I am alive!" That is what I want to cry out, but only a low moan came through my lips.

"Why, my God! he must be alive! The barine Ivanof! Come this way, my children. Our barine is alive! Call the doctor here."

Half a minute later they pour water into my mouth—then everything disappears.

The litter is moving with a regular oscillation. The rhythmic movement rocks me to sleep. I wake up again; once more I fall into oblivion. The bandaged wounds do not hurt me now. A feeling of unspeakable comfort spreads over my body.

"Halt! Lay him down! Fourth squad ambulance men, advance! Take your places at the litter. Lift him! March!"

That is Piotr Ivanitch in command—our ambulance officer. He is tall, thin, a very good man. He is so tall that when I turn my eyes toward him I always see his head, with its long, thin beard, and even all of his shoulders, although my litter is being borne on the shoulders of four tall soldiers.

"Piotr Ivanitch!" I whispered.

"What is it, my little pigeon?" he asks, stooping over me.

"Piotr Ivanitch, what did the doctor tell you? Will I die soon?"

"What are you talking such talk! You are not going to die at all. Your bones are all right. Eh, you old rascal! The bones and arteries are all right. But how did your manage to live for three days and a half? What did you get to eat?"

"Nothing."

"And what did you have to drink?"

"I took the Turk's gourd. Piotr Ivanitch, I can't talk any more now."

"Very well. May God be with you, my little pigeon! Go to sleep."

Sleep came, and oblivion.

I have awakened in the ambulance of our division. I am surrounded by doctors, Sisters of Charity, and just outside the circle of faces I can recognize the well known face of the most celebrated professor in St. Petersburg. Now he is bending over my feet. His hands are covered with blood. For a little while he is busy at my feet, then, looking at me, he exclaims,—

"Well, you are quite lucky, my boy. You will live. We had indeed to take off a little hand, but that is nothing serious. Can you talk?"

"Yes, I can talk. And I will tell you all that is written down here."

Some Arabic Prove rbs

A man who knows not, and knows not he knows not. He is a fool; shun him.

A man who knows not, and knows he knows not. He is simple; teach him.

A man who knows and knows not that he knows. He is asleep; waken him.

A man who knows and knows he knows. He is wise; follow him.

Sanctified afflictions drive us from the world to God, teach us to live by faith, warm the spirit in prayer, and urge prayer into supplication, as it did in Moses. We usually send up faint prayers in time of prosperity, when halcyon calms are upon our tabernacle; but in stormy times we fly to our Rock, and mourn sore like doves in the cleft of the mountains.

—Samuel Lee.

A Miser on His Death-Bed.

LUTHER C. BRYANT, ROBBED OF HIS RICHES YEARS AGO, DYING IN POVERTY.

Luther C. Bryant, a homeless man, eighty-five years old, is dying in St. Vincent's Hospital, of the bodily and mental weakness incident to an advanced age and a life of hardship. He has been in the hospital four days.

Twelve years ago Bryant sold rare coins and postage stamps opposite the old Post Office in Nassau street. Every day he was seen at his little stand and his bent figure and gray hair were familiar to thousands who passed along the busy street. He was charged with buying stolen stamps from dishonest clerks and messengers. He protested that he was innocent, but appearances were against him and he was locked up in the City Prison. It was said that he bought the stamps at much less than their real value and sold them at a very handsome profit. Bryant was a miser. He lived entirely alone in a wretched room at No. 1 Forsyth street and kept his treasures in a secret drawer of a massive bureau. The drawer was fastened with three big padlocks. Although he did a good business, Bryant was so close and stingy that he lived in a style which even a Mulberry street ragpicker would consider mean.

During his imprisonment there was no one to look after the old man's affairs. He never ceased to deny that he was guilty of the postage stamp robbery, and at last it was shown that he told the truth. The accusation and arrest were part of a scheme of a gang of clever thieves, who had heard of the old man's wealth. During his incarceration they visited his room in Forsyth street and carried away the contents of the secret drawer.

Old Bryant's anger and grief upon learning of the robbery passed all limits. No one knew exactly how much he had hoarded up. He did not scruple to put the sum at \$200,000 and declared that he had \$70,000 in gold. It was settled that the thieves' booty included many coins valuable for their rarity and some curious old medals. Bryant vowed that he would never rest until the robbers were detected and punished. He had the satisfaction of seeing two of them imprisoned for long terms. The money was not recovered. Heartbroken the old man did not resume business. He became reduced to the most abject poverty, nearly lost his sight and could scarcely walk when a policeman law him in Charles street. When told at the hospital that he could not live much longer Bryant uttered no word of regret.

The Wonders of a Waking Stick.

Robert Yale, of Norwich, New York, has a historical cane, which probably is the oddest walking stick ever built in this or any other country. It contains 2,000 pieces of wood, and each inlaid piece is given an artistic and symbolic form, so that the cane, by its various colored wood, is given a most artistic look, although no color is used upon it. He planned and constructed it, and the cane represents five months' labor.

Sixty of the 2,000 pieces of wood are relics of great value to the relic hunter, and comprise a piece of wood from the oldest tenanted house in America, the Fairbanks residence, built in 1620, and now occupied by the seventh generation. The head of the cane is from the tree at Crown Point to which General Putnam was tied after being condemned to death by burning, by the Indians. Set in the cane is a wreath of hair from the head of Rebecca Bates, one of the heroines whose strategy drove the British to their shipping after landing to attack Scituate, Mass. There is a piece of wood from the Charter Oak; another from the house of Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence; another from the house where withcraft originated in Salem, and another from the building where the victims of that craze were tried.

Set in the cane is a small piece of Plymouth rock, and also a piece of wood from the Mayflower; also woods from five different forts on Lake Champlain, from Hawthorne's residence, at Salem, from the church where Roger Williams preached, and from the tree beneath which Jonathan Edwards preached to the Indians at Stockbridge, Massachusetts; also, a piece from the curbing of the well commemorated by Woodworth

in his poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," etc. The only foreign relic in the collection is a piece of wood from the Tassa oak. The cane is a unique and attractive piece of work and is valued at \$500 by its owner.—*Ee.*

How to Succeed.

Don't worry. Don't overwork. Don't make the field too broad. Make friends, but don't encourage favorites.

Keep down expenses, but don't be penurious.

Keep a high vitality. Sleep well, eat well, enjoy life.

Stick to your chosen pursuit, but not to chosen methods.

Don't tell what you are going to do—till you have done it.

Make plans for a little way ahead, but don't cast them in iron.

Be content with small beginnings—and be sure to develop them.

Don't take fresh risks to retrieve your losses. Cut them off short.

Be cautious; but when you make a bargain, make it quietly and boldly. A regular system of sending out bills and statements is more effective than spasmodic dunning.

Have a proper division of work, and neither interfere nor permit interference with your employees.

It is better for your credit to postpone payment squarely than to pretend to pay by giving a check dated ahead.

DAYTON, O.

Happy Free Lance! Accept my congratulations, and wish you and your new associate abundant success in the future. Was prepared to make a red hot reply to your last letter, but your honeymoon knocked my gold but rusty pen out, and instead of replying to you, the only thing I wish for you is "Home, Sweet Home!"

Miss Rader, of Xenia, was a visitor to this city one afternoon last week, it being an excursion day to the soldiers' Home.

Henry Bell, of Ashland, Ohio, a graduate of the Ohio School is peddling in this town. He talks of removing here from his present home, where he has a married sister.

Mr. Josey R. Goldman went home in Middletown, last Saturday noon, and returned Sunday evening. He says he is well pleased with wood carving at the car shops. His parents are now rusticiating in California.

A funny incident, which occurred in Columbus a few days ago, is reproduced in the JOURNAL from a Columbus paper:

"A most remarkable and yet ludicrous incident happened at the office of Dr. Coleman on East Town street several nights ago, which might have turned out seriously. At a late hour in the night Dr. Coleman was awakened by the whistle in the tube which runs from the street door to his bed chamber. The tube is an ordinary one, and is operated by blowing in the end at the door, being used in place of a bell. The doctor, when awakened, at once looked out of the window and saw two men standing at the door. He asked them what they wanted, but they made no reply, and to his repeated question failed to answer. The doctor then grew angry and demanded what they meant by calling him up. At this one of the men walked away and the other stepped out under the tree. Dr. Coleman was nonplussed, and it would not have been strange if he fired upon the apparent intruders. However, he concluded that the men were drunk, and was about to call the patrol wagon by telephone, when the second man walked away. He then retired again, and in about a half hour was awakened by another whistle at the pipe. Again looking out of the window, he saw the same two men on the doorstep, this time accompanied by a policeman, who at once explained that the men were deaf and dumb, and having sickness in their families, desired the doctor to attend the cases. It was a peculiar affair, and the at first strange actions of the men were then explained."

Dr. Coleman is a family physician at the Ohio School. Wonder if these two men are teachers? Perhaps one of them is a newly-married youth.

"Robin Hood" is O.K. as ever in Circleville, Ohio.

"Youthly" Goldsmith, of near Columbus, was here last week, having just returned from his pleasant trip to Illinois. He seemed well pleased with his trip and had a big time at Tippecanoe City, a town near here, with Mr. John Miller, a former Ohio boy.

Mr. L. L. Anthony, the mute brewer from Delaware, Ohio, was an excursionist to the Soldiers' Home last Saturday. Having heard that he was at the Home, your scribe took a street car and then a dummy car to the Home and found him there ready to take a train for Dayton. Had a pleasant talk with him until I got off at the Third-street Station. In spite of the liquor tax law, his brewery business is as brisk as ever.

A rain storm visited Columbus two weeks ago. The Columbus papers reported that several trees were blown down in the yards of the Ohio School.

Old Sport.

BRIDGEPORT.

Three weeks of *dolce far niente* under the hospitable roof of Mr. Geo. Munger, with his sister and son Willie, has been so pleasant that it was with deep regret I had to leave for the sooty city of New York. Willie has as much talent as I for killing time agreeably. We went out boating, crabbing and swimming almost every day. What I appreciated mostly is that the family let me have my own way, a luxury I seldom enjoyed.

There is quite a number of deaf-mutes here.

Mr. Seaman works steadily in Burham's big brass foundry as a buffer.

Mr. John Muth also worked there, but left it lately to become a silver spoon polisher for better wages. He boards with Mr. Seaman.

Mr. Wooler, formerly of Syracuse, is a moulder in the same foundry, and likes it better in Bridgeport.

Mr. Beers is working in Port Chester as a cabinetmaker, and comes home every Saturday, to go back in the morning at 5 A.M. He has a very charming wife and a bright boy, who can hear. He is considered the dude of East Bridgeport. Next door lives Mr. Marshall and his family, who looks very bright, and entertained the writer immensely.

Miss Georgie Loomis has been spending more than a week with the Ford family. Bertha Ford, Loomis, Mr. W. Munger and the writer had an excursion to Port Jefferson, L. I., an account of which appeared in the Long Island News. There we ordered some clam chowder, ham, pies and coffee, when we understood there was no clam bake. On our return from the picnic, we ate our chowder till we could hold no more; then a bushel of baked clams made its appearance with empty pails at our sides, but we could not eat any more. The pails looked ominous, but as we would have to pay all the same, we were determined to have our money's worth. The writer gave it up. Georgie beat Willie with no bad effects from it.

One day the writer was assigned to a bathing closet, at Sea Side Park, wherein he noticed the name of Theo. I. Lounsbury inscribed on a wall.

On the writer's return to the city, he met, on the steamer, Rosedale, Misses Annie and Edith Austin, accompanied by their father. The ladies have been spending a week with their aunts at Stratford.

ALLUS WEG WEG WEG.

Philadelphia.

EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. DEAR SIR:—This morning I received a letter from Santa Fe, New Mexico, where Rev. Dr. Gallaudet had occasion to deliver a sermon to the very few deaf-mutes residing in this territory. Great was the noise made in the paper about the event, but greater was the ignorance or *mauvaise foi*, which dictated the remarks published in the *New Mexican*.

It was stated in this paper that no one, outside of the Protestant Episcopal Church took any interest in the deaf-mutes' education. Though I am myself very much interested in the deaf-mutes' welfare, and always glad to see religious work going progressing among them, it is for me a duty to call the attention of Dr. Gallaudet upon the following facts:

1st. Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, whose charity is well-known, went to see the Abbe Sicaud (Rev. Father Sicaud), a catholic priest just as well as the good Abbé de l'Epée, in order to study the sign-language and learn the method of teaching the unfortunate deaf and dumb.

2d. In France all the institutions, only two excepted, are under Catholic Religious Corporations; and, so it is in Spain and Italy.

3d. The first institution started in India, and the only one existing there, is a Catholic Institution.

4th. Catholics have an institution in Boston, Spa (England) and several in Ireland.

5th. In this country, the Catholic Church has also several institutions, and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet knows it well; moreover, the Catholic Church has missionaries working hard among deaf and dumb people, and have also flourishing Sunday schools and Catholic societies.

I would be very glad, Mr. Editor, if you could publish these few lines in your excellent paper, for they will be interesting to those whose desire is to know the truth.

VERITAS.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes have succeeded this time in holding what may be considered a successful convention. Considering that the Association has been in existence about thirty years, it is hardly surprising that with an experience extending over so long a period a time of triumph should at last occur. Not that they have always failed in their mission. The contrary is the fact. We are told that in the halcyon days of the Association, when the embryo organization had leaders who were followed and members who were not ashamed to be led, great work and good work was done in the interests of the deaf and dumb. The convention at Providence, R. I., two years ago was a flat failure, and we did not hesitate to say so in the editorial columns of the paper. Our criticism, while being acknowledged to be just, brought forth no little animosity in some quarters. But we did not mind that. An editor's duty is to be fair and tell the truth; and although this may be an unpleasant task at times, still our sense of justice requires it, and we do not hesitate to "hew to the line and let the chips fly where they will. But, *experientia docet*—experience teaches—and wise are they who profit by the teachings of experience. The managers of the Portland Convention profited by their experience at the Providence Convention, and the result is satisfactory to everybody. There were at least two hundred deaf-mutes present. Of this number, over one hundred became members. The proceedings were conducted in an orderly manner, and the business transacted was of importance to the members of the Association. A very just and well-deserved tribute was paid to the memory of "Old Tom Brown," who exercised, without doubt, in his day, a powerful influence for good in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the deaf and dumb. Then, again, a committee to help forward the Gallaudet Memorial Fund was appointed, and submitted plans for collecting subscriptions that met with the unanimous approval of the Association. This should have been done two years ago, and if the matter had been brought forward then, it would have been a redeeming feature of an utterly useless gathering. This time one of our regular correspondents in Massachusetts took up the subject, spoke enthusiastically upon the great work of the elder Gallaudet and appealed to all present to put their shoulders to the wheel and show that New England mutes were not ungrateful. So far, all is well. Now let us see how much money can be gathered in for the fund. The talk and noting on the subject were an overwhelming success. The work must now begin. That it will prove equally successful is the belief and the desire of all who were in attendance at the Fifteenth Biennial Convention. The executive officer of Connecticut prepared a paper on the Gallaudet Memorial, but did not get an opportunity to read it. He, however, made the next best move—that is, passed around a subscription blank and secured quite a number of dollars in a short time. Success to the New England Gallaudet Association, and may its conventions always be as profitable as the one just ended in the City of Portland, Maine.

Next week will witness the first reunion of deaf-mutes of the State of Indiana. The Institution at Indianapolis has generally extended its hospitalities to all who have been invited. We regret our inability to accept the invitation to be present, but hope the reunion will be pleasant and profitable and that the JOURNAL will secure an early account of the proceedings.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Rev. A. W. Mann's address is 82 Woodland Court, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. A. C. Hargrave arrived home safely from a visit to Eastham, Cape Cod.

Mr. Owen Hughes was not at Old Orchard Beach on account of his sick girl.

Mrs. Sam. Davidson and children have returned to Bradock, Pa., from their old home.

Mr. J. B. Lucy is going to Oregon City to see his millionaire uncle, who is a lawyer, next fall.

John A. Baer and an Indian student from Carleton College, spent last Sunday with P. Roberts.

Mrs. J. Budlong and daughter, of Providence, R. I., went to the country to recuperate last week.

Miss Christian Perry, of Huntington, Ind., is working in a millinery store at that place, and earns good wages.

Albert L. Carlisle writes that he did not go to Boston to look for work, as stated by Mr. Brown. He went on business.

Charles C. Fleher denies the report that he is engaged to Miss Lewtburg, which appeared in the JOURNAL of the 5th.

Miss Mary Semple, of the Institution for the Deaf-Mutes in Malone, N. Y., is spending the summer vacation with her brother in Utica, N. Y.

F. A. Roberts intends going to the Deaf-Mute Convention at Scranton, the first, second and third of September, and would like to see his friend Carver there.

John A. Edmonds, the painter, of South Bethlehem, puts his name on all the signs he paints, which brings him in lots of work. He is 33 years of age and is unmarried.

Mrs. Jacob Leininger died of malarial fever on the 13th of July. Her maiden name was Lizzie Forgy. She formerly resided in St. Louis, and had been married only two years.

Mr. Steward is a tanner, and is employed in G. J. Shaw's tannery for making sole leather. He is a first class workman, and his inability to work leaves a vacancy which cannot be filled.

On Saturday, the 7th of August, a number of folks, of Bradock and Pittsburgh, spent a very pleasant evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Woodside, of Wilkesburg, Pa.

W. A. Watts, of Coxsack, N. Y., denies the statement made by "J. M. W." the Troy correspondent of the JOURNAL that he was with a lady of Amsterdam in Albany on the Bi-Centennial day.

Fembroke Steward, of Hartland, Maine, has been laid up with rheumatism for about five months past, but has recovered except a lameness in one knee, though still unable to work any.

John A. Edmonds, of South Bethlehem, is spending a few days, at home. He is at present employed by Mr. Jack Hill, of Broadhead Street near Bath, Pa., painting and varnishing wagons and sleighs, &c.

W. S. Callingsworth, publisher of the Retrospect of the Education of the Deaf by Rev. H. Winter Kyle, sold over 1200 books. Everybody should have a copy—only 25 cents. See the advertisement.

The item by "Montague Tigg" to the effect that Lonsbury has been learning shoeing, is erroneous. He is in the same field of labor, and does not intend to "cross the stile." "A rolling pin, etc."

John B. Lucy and Frank D. Williams, of Haverhill, Mass., were at the White Mountains from Friday till Tuesday. They were very glad to meet many deaf-mutes at Old Orchard Beach on August 11th.

A philanthropist complains there are few avenues of industry open to the deaf and dumb. If the philanthropist alludes to cuts, there seems to be an extensive field for such a breed.—*Drake's Traveller*.

A large deaf-mute congregation attended the service at St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, on Sunday, August 15th. Rev. Mr. Mann's text was taken from the fourth chapter of St. John, 13th, 14th and 15th verses.

Mr. and Mrs. Toomey, of Columbia City, Ind., regret their inability to attend the Reunion of the Graduates and former Pupils of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, which takes place on the 24th, 25th and 26th of this month.

The Eighth Convention of the Maine Deaf-Mutes Mission will be held in Brunswick, Me., August 23rd and 24th, 1886. It will meet in the Chapel on School street, and addresses will be delivered by prominent friends present. Samuel Rowe is General Manager.

Isaac H. Kollam, of Wilmington, Del., is probably the oldest deaf and dumb man in that city. He lost his hearing when he was five years old by scarlet fever, and is a single man. His age is nearly sixty years. He used to be a farmer before he comes here to live, and has nothing to do since that time.

Poor Geo. A. Holmes could not be present at the convention in Portland, Me., for his employer could not let him go off, because he was short of hands and fifteen girls were off on a vacation. Mr. Holmes never missed a convention of the New England Gallaudet Association before, being the oldest member. He is perfectly satisfied with the new officers for the said association lately elected at Portland.

William E. Mill, a deaf-mute son of Urah Mill, of Moccasin, formerly of Berwick, was drowned in the Susquehanna River, near Shickelmy, on August 24. He was on a rock near the Steamer Landing fishing, and it is supposed slipped into the water, and no help being near was drowned. His hat and fishing rod were seen floating on the water, which led to the discovery of his body a few hours after he was drowned. He was sixteen years of age, and a pupil of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Philadelphia, and was at home to spend his vacation at the time of his death.

The Society's Picnic.

VISITORS.

Odds and Ends.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

We were somewhat puzzled at the words "young bloods" in "Old Sport's" recent letter, speaking of this city, and suspect he must have been indulging in irony. We are a quiet set of fellows, never stop over, and even if some of us do go over the Rhine occasionally, we never endeavor to paint the town.

I am told that several of the local mutes, chiefly married ones, have lately purchased real estate in the suburbs, intending to build homes of their own. This speaks well for their industry and thrift.

Benny Stemmding does not talk bicycle as much as he used to. Several headers, which peeled off several inches of good skin from his anatomy and broke his machine, have caused him to sour on the wheel. His machine is for sale cheap.

I am grieved to observe the reckless and disrespectful way in which sundry correspondents speak of our Original Greatest, the only one on earth, as "Free Lance's Society." Know, then, that I do not carry said society in my vest pocket. I am not a member, and don't want to be, and it has no more use for me than I have for it. And it is not called the Anderson Society, the word Anderson having been dropped, for there are unpleasant memories connected therewith.

One day last week, Fred Reiker, after getting outside of an elegant dinner in a Fifth Street eating house had his digestion spoiled, and his soul filled with sorrow and anger at the discovery that a black-headed rascal had walked off with his new derby, leaving an ancient tile in its place. Fred refused to pay for his dinner, and is carrying a brick in his hip pocket, looking for the thief.

The Seventh Annual Picnic of the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Society came off at the Highland, August 14th, and is pronounced the most successful of the series. A pleasing feature was the large number of out-of-town mutes present, many being there, who had not been in town for years. This was probably due to the lateness of the season, the farmers having got their harvesting, etc., all done, and having time to come; heretofore, the picnics were always held in June or July. Chairman Reinbeck, of the Committee of Arrangements, proved himself a hustler, and was ably assisted by his lieutenants, Thomas and Reiker. An elegant supper was served at six o'clock, the bill of fare was quite extensive, and the price—forty cents was pronounced quite moderate. There is a story that Mr. Reinbeck ate seven plates of ice-cream, but it must be a base libel circulated by his enemies. As is usually the case, there was no disturbance, owing to the eminently respectable character of those present, among whom were Amor Smith, Mayor of the city, and several city officers. Fatty Herr acted as Floor Manager and nearly danced his legs off, and had to borrow a fresh handkerchief every five minutes. The dancing floor was crowded every time, the music being very good. Altogether it was a most enjoyable affair.

PICK-UPS.

Leslie Whitaker, the Kentucky boy, was there, and brought his smile with him.

Mr. Sam. Freeman and wife, of Cave Springs, Ga., were present in the afternoon, but left early. They go to Springfield, O., this week.

"Old Sport" was hard to find, as he located himself in a corner with two belles of Walnut Hills, but he seemed to be enjoying it.

Milt. Beam, of Waynesville, supplied the girls with canes from the chuck-a-luck corner with the prodigality of a millionaire.

Was told by a member of the committee that the expenses were less and the receipts greater than at any previous picnic. Good for the committee.

Willie Geiger was the only one from Columbus. He and his bosom friend, Benny Stemmding, seemed to be everywhere at once.

Willie Hays, of Chillicothe, sat on a railing with a far-away-I-haven't-any-tobacco expression, apparently looking for some one to love him. Returns not in.

The correspondents of *Vis-a-Vis* were there in force. At one time there were seated around one table Jack E. Nough, Ruby Grey, Inkstand, and King Sham, while Red Plume smiled on from behind a pillar, and Boss was visible in the distance. Subject of discussion: "What fun we had."

Among the visitors were Miss Ella Morgan and Joe Himelspangh, of Dayton; Allie Hazeltine, of Oxford, one of the liveliest girls present; Miss Strophshire, of Lexington, Ky., who is the guest of Miss Marhmann; and a large number of others.

Rev. Mann told some interesting stories of what he had seen on his Western trip.

Mr. Thomas had just returned from a trip to Niagara Falls, and reports a splendid time. His mother, from Owensboro, O., was present at the picnic.

Annt Morin came in from the country as lively as usual, and kept us all laughing. She is stopping at the home of Mrs. Knollman.

Say, "Mercury," you never got a "press ticket," I did—poor you. FREE LANCE.

THE GREAT CONVENTION AND ITS FEATURES.

I remember having seen one professor, at the Convention, deliver his opinion to the effect that the boy of to-day is actuated, in his eagerness for prominence, by ambition, envy, revenge and the like. I think the professor was mistaken. He might have been in contact with some such boy, whose too outspoken opinions and rascable temper had hurt him and led him to the belief that the boy must be as ambitious as Napoleon in his love of power, as envious as Iago in his lust after promotion and as revengeful as Arnold in his wounded pride. But the boy is too young to have acquired motives so as to be afterwards actuated by passions. He is no philosopher, and he has not been educated by experience to accept the existence of evil as a necessary condition of things. Hamlet's malady has been described as a gradual and powerful awakening to the fact that the world was, after all, not as good as it once seemed to the gentle book-loving prince. That explains somewhat the transitory condition of the boy's mind, as he begins to see for himself. If he is exasperated, it is because he takes the thing as it is and is provoked by its very existence. If he sees any injustice done, he says, "Why does injustice exist?" Plato might have said, "The world is full of injustice. It cannot be helped. Let us live it down," but the boy is no Plato. He scorns shams and hypocrisy, and in his "insane conceit," is eager to acquaint the world with his notions of what is good and just, but is beaten back at the very first step and is astonished and puzzled: his temper is put on the mettle and he may have a little; but that does not prove that he is ambitious, envious and revengeful.

The above digression reminds me of one feature at the Convention. The same want of that philosophical turn of mind, which is ready to accept the existence of evil as a foregone conclusion. I also observed in professors, who had papers to read! They gave facts which we long ago acknowledged to be true, and after hearing which we were not a whit wiser. They asked: "Why is this so? Why is that so?" and attempted no solution of the problems themselves. A professor is certainly no philosopher, when he is grieved because, after providing the deaf with food, fuel and light, a small minority of them turns out to be doortappers and beerdrinkers. I was not pleased to hear once more these words: "The deaf-mute cause is still in its infancy." They sounded like: "I am a good teacher. I may not have succeeded much, but it is not because I am not a good teacher. I am a good teacher, but it is the deaf-mute cause itself that is in its infancy." An ingenious plea for incapacity and want of enthusiasm. Barring the trouble of learning signs and the physical fatigue incidental to teaching, I believe that the deaf-mute profession is the easiest profession in the world; that we have discovered nothing which was not also discovered by Abbe l'Epee, Sicard, Henicke and Pierre, and that the so-called problem may as well be solved to-day. The deaf of to-day are no more intellectually developed than those of one hundred years ago. Fifty years ago the deaf had only four years in school and public prejudices to combat with; and we to-day have more years in school, more teachers, more money and more enlightened appreciation of our needs throughout the land, and that explains why we are ahead of our brethren in misfortune years ago. If there were, in the days of Abbe l'Epee, as many advantages enjoyed to-day, there would be as many schools, consequently as many Massiens and Clerics and consequently a college; and we do not know but that the good priest might have made as brilliant and learned a president as Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. If the deaf one hundred years hence are to be better educated than we are, it is simply because they will have, instead of seven, fifteen years in school, better buildings and better sanitary laws, not because they will have better teachers than ours or because some wonderful Sesame to the intellectual cave will then be discovered. One hundred years hence there will be the same proportion of dull pupils whom no teachers can reach as there is to-day and was one hundred years ago. Why, then, keep saying: "The deaf-mute cause is still in its infancy," as if we need a messiah. The solution of the problem is somewhere near us and within our grasp. Some of us teachers must be right. Why not look at Prof. Job Williams, that bedrock of common sense? He is no visionary. He does not prate of the millennium of the deaf somewhere in the future, but makes the best of what he sees now. He says: "Teach the pupil one difficulty at one time, and no more than he can hold at one time. Watch him: study him: see that he is not over-burdened and confused. If his graduation day comes before we can teach him all, why, that cannot be helped. We had done our best." Is not that common sense? If there were ten hundred Job Williams meeting at Beverly, Cal., two weeks ago, the problem of teaching the deaf would have been solved in one hour.

DOUGLAS TILDEN.

Zephyrs Wafted from the Sea-Shore.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

(From our Sea Shore Correspondent.)

Our usual weekly budget did not appear, on account of our having been "indisposed" in consequence of our encounter with a pair of stage horses, and not a "six-foot mule" as our festive friend, "Montague Tigg," says. Everything considered, we feel cause for self-congratulation, and take this means of replying to many inquiries, regarding the affair, that we are now no worse for the collision and shall take good care that it doesn't happen again.

Miss Essil Spanton, who has been the life of the guests at the Ebenezer Cottage, has left for her home in Paterson. Just prior to her departure her friends, Miss Alice Hatch and Ida Wardell, of Long Branch, called to bid her good-bye.

Mr. Frank C. Borden, of the New York Life Insurance Company, has been with us again during the past week.

Among the late arrivals at the Norman, are Misses Clara and Lucy Rodenbough, of Easton, Pa., Mr. Harry M. Sorber and Misses Kline, Reese, George, Mrs. L. V. Cook, Mrs. Wendell, of Philadelphia, Misses George and Neubard, of Allentown, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wolfe, of Princeton; these together with those already here, bring the house nearly its full quota of guests—some seventy now being within its hospitable walls.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson spent the week of the 1st and 6th at the Norman and enjoyed the various pleasures the place affords. Saturday evening, the 7th, the guests at the Norman were treated to a pantomimic performance in the parlors at 8:30 p.m. The play was a burlesque on Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals." The participants were Messrs. Stenbe and Pach in the leading parts, and Miss Carrie Fisher, assisted by Miss Anna Fisher and Mr. Howard Leggett, and Miss Annie Kline, of Philadelphia. The affair, though hastily got up, was appreciated by all.

Mr. Julian Ralph, of the *New York Sun*, who was the author of the "Sun's German Barber" sketches, had a page in the last Sunday issue of the *Sun*, descriptive of this place. Your correspondent was honored by a call from him.

The yachts "Sunshine" and "De-fiance" carry large crowds to the fishing banks daily.

Mr. A. L. Thomas was at Long Branch recently, a guest at Launch's Hotel. He did not get as far down the coast as Ocean Grove, but we hope to see him next time.

Mr. Fred Nuber, supervisor at the Lexington Avenue School, is spending a few days down here. He has spent part of his vacation at various points, but thinks this place best of all.

Mr. Charles Laurence, of Newark, whose father has a summer residence here on Sewall Ave., runs down frequently for a few days on long. The chestnut-bell "Montague Tigg" speaks of, has made its appearance here, and maybe that's why "Johnny" can't find time to come down. But his excuse for not coming (devil sick) is a back number chestnut.

Osmond L. Loew, the pride of his parents, attained his first year on Sunday, August 1st, and "Papa Loew" was duly elated.

Mr. and Mrs. Cahoon, of Newark, and Miss Hattie Cahoon, are the guests of Mrs. J. M. Stewart, on Bath Ave., Ocean Grove.

Mr. Harry Stevens, and parents left Asbury Park on Monday for Atlantic City prior to returning to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Ireland and daughter, of West Troy, N. Y., are at the Norman for a three weeks' stay.

Mr. George Goldie, a son of Prof. Goldie, for many years athletic director at Princeton, and now holding the position with the New York Athletic Club, is spending a few weeks in Ocean Grove, while his father is rusting in Asbury Park.

Mr. B. F. McManus, of New York, spent Saturday in the Grove.

Rooms were at a premium Saturday, and all the hotels turned away many would-be guests.

Prof. Crocker's educated horses have been drawing crowded houses to the Academy of Music, and "Lizzie Evans" in "Foggy Ferry" has had large audiences at the Opera House, and with the "Ragan Illuminated Tours" at Edgemoor Hall, and Barlow, Wilson & Rankin's Minstrels we have had plenty of amusement.

Miss Ruth Hawthorne returned to her home in Bridgeton on Monday last, accompanied by Miss Skirm, who will spend a few weeks as her guest.

Miss Reere, of Scranton, Pa., is stopping with her aunt, Mrs. Wall, on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Messrs. Day, Dyer, Nicholson and Potter, of Brown University, have been quartered at the Sheldon for a week past.

Aug. 14, 1886

NOTICE TO CATHOLICS.

The Sunday Class for young ladies, at 510 Henry Street, Brooklyn, will reopen on the 22d inst. Religious instruction will commence at 2:30 p.m.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Wonder what has become of "Charritha," the Indiana correspondent of the JOURNAL. We like to read her communications, therefore we sincerely hope that she will show up soon.

A gentleman of this town married his cousin and for fourteen years had no children. Finally he had a daughter, who is now about seven years old, and she can not talk at all. A gentleman told us that it was because he married his cousin.

We would like very much to attend the re-union at the Institution, and propose doing so, if we can break the ties that bind us to business as usual.

The JOURNAL is chock full of interesting news of late. We would not do without it for anything.

Our young wife told us that nearly every one of her lady classmates were married. She says fully seven of them have husbands. They must have been a mighty pretty class.

We never saw a truer thing in a newspaper in our life than what "Montague Tigg" said in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. He says "strangers attending deaf-mute gatherings who did not enjoy themselves, are impressed with the idea that all deaf-mute gatherings are of the same character." John A. Skinner got up a reunion that drew about 4000 people at Muncie last July. All the county papers spoke of it for the railroad companies, for which the editors received free passes good for one year. Mr. Skinner put up thousands of bills where there were no mutes. He had it printed in large letters that they would sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," in the sign-language. The operator here told us that they did not do so. The cream of deaf-mute society staid at home and a few old maids and young chaps attended. He held it on Sunday and charged ten cents per head at the gate and got about ten cents for every ticket the railroads sold. The Franklin Democrat of Brookville spoke of it as a deaf-mute convention. We want Mr. Skinner to understand that it is time for him to lay down the fiddle and the bow, and take up the shovel and the hoe.

We see that a correspondent of the JOURNAL expressed his opinion on the recent strikes. Perhaps if we relate our experience in one of them, the mutes will approve our actions. We worked for a company for two years and were perfectly satisfied with our salary and the work, which we were required to perform. One day the men resolved to strike and handed us a paper for our signature, which we refused to give, and advised two other fellows to do likewise, which they did. The men all quiet, except three of us who continued our duty as though nothing had happened. The strikers gave us a piece of their mind in the eve, but we never swerved. The result was that they lost \$60 each in wages before coming back at the old rate. While they were out, they were obliged to run in debt for as livelihood and pay rent, so that it took them months of hard work to get out of debt. Moreover, they could not gain the time lost. They said that they displayed a great deal of sense by staying at our work. It is nonsense to strike for ten cents increase in wages. Who cares for ten cents, anyway. If a fellow goes without a cigar or two one evening, he will save ten cents. If a fellow, who earns \$1.50 per day is out on a strike for only two months, he will lose about \$72. Just look and see how many ten cents pieces it will take to make \$72. They once raised our wages before we asked them. That is because we attended strictly to our business and did not fool our time away in grumbling. If I am not satisfied with my salary, I work better than ever, and when I see the head of the firm in fine humor, and at leisure, I go and ask for a raise in a pleasant way, and surely succeed in having my request granted.

Walter McWhorter, the young gentleman who was wedded to Miss Anna Wachtell of this city, a few months ago, is a contributor of miscellaneous prose to the newspapers of the southern part of this state. He writes under the name of "Hiawatha" and some of his productions have much merit.—*Muncie Daily News*

The readers of the Review often see his signature in this paper.—*Ed. Laurel Review*

In speaking of our wedding, the *Monthly Visitor* said that we were an able writer for the *Visitor*, as the readers would remember.

We quote the above from the newspapers named just to show the mutes that there are more deaf-mute reporters than they imagine there are. We were regular correspondents of the *Laurel Review* for nearly a year, when we resigned, but of late we have sent them a little over a column article every three weeks. We are also a member of the Household of the Cincinnati *Weekly Enquirer*. Notwithstanding the fact that we have sent items to the country papers for eight months, only one of our items offended a person.

HIAWATHA.

Rev. J. M. Koehler's Appointments

DIOCESE OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.
Please note changes:
Aug. 22—St. Stephen's, Wilkes-barre, 3 p.m.
" 23—Riegelsville, 10:30 a.m.
" "—Trinity, Easton, 3 p.m.
" "—Grace, Allentown, 7:30 p.m.
Sept. 1—St. Luke's, Scranton, Holy Communion, 9:30 a.m.—to which delegates to the Convention are cordially invited.

ON and after October 1st the fare on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad will be five cents at all hours of the day.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company have reduced their rates for steerage passage to \$15 from here to Hamburg.

The earth is fairly breaking out with oil wells. The first ever discovered in France have been struck at Feraud. French servants will now learn the truly exciting way to light a fire.

Mr. CLEVELAND's photographer is printing 500 pictures of the President's wife every day and cannot supply the demand. This shows the effect of a veto of one of the President's vetoes.

ROBERT WATSON of Palmyra, N. Y., went to bed for a short nap on Friday morning and is still sleeping. All efforts to awaken him have proved fruitless, and the physicians are at a loss to account for the phenomenon.

The reported escape of Geronimo across the border into the Mexican State of Chihuahua instigates the American editors out to that way to advise the Mexican authorities to catch and execute him for the crimes he has committed on American soil, and then consider the Cutting business settled.

Such has been the improvement in tricycles that it is now almost as easy to ride on one as it is to walk. Charles E. Davis, chief clerk of the Boston Board of Health, commenced riding a tricycle March 27, this year, and up to Friday he had a record of 3,600 miles made over all sorts and conditions of roads.

KIRK SAMPY, a negro chief who ruled on the Upper Senegal River, signed away his independence to France last year, and now his son, Prince Karamoko, is boarding in Paris at a daily expense of \$100 to the French Government. The Prince is said to be seven years old, handsome and intelligent, and the heir to his father's large fortune.

The largest fish ever taken at the Isles of Shoals was recently caught by Miss Millmine, of New York, and was a halibut weighing 111 pounds. The lady was accompanied by Skipper Charles Robinson, says the reporter, and a child named Miss Mary. A box of sugar-dipped the line, which the skipper caught and thus saved the fish.

MILLIONS of grasshoppers have made their appearance in the Wilcox neighborhood, three miles north of Omaha, N. Y., in the town of Verona. They are devouring all the standing grain and vegetables, leaving the land barren and desolate. The hoppers completely cover the ground and fences and the roads are full of them. The damage will be very severe.

A story comes from a Massachusetts summer resort to the effect that a city chap taking a seat on an old stump thought he heard the rattle of a rattlesnake. He sprang to his feet and rushed for the hotel, howling all the way. The rattling grew louder, and finally fell down on a wooden box of sugar-coated pills that he had in his pocket was the cause of his fright.

MISS NINA BATCHELOR, of Frankfort, Ky., who has taken a good position in Paris among American lady artists, and whose picture, "Alas! poor Yorick," was much noticed in the Salon that recently closed, has just been married to the Vicomte Adrien Arnaud de Foird. She was given away by Consul-General Walker, in the absence of her father. Her husband has a large sugar plantation in Mauritius which is said to bring in \$50,000 a year.

WISCONSIN has been blessed by a refreshing rainstorm unaccompanied by severe winds. The rain in Wisconsin was heaviest there. Her usual endeavor to obtain a North of this line the fall averaged about an inch, and south of it from one-fourth to one-half inch. Three-tenths of an inch of rain fell in Milwaukee. Antigo, Wis., reports a heavy rainstorm and a consequent dissipation of all fears of further forest fires. At Wisconsin there was a heavy rainstorm and some damage from lightning, but no wind.

AN imbecile widow named Lebel, residing in Selles, St. Denis, has met with a horrible death. Her son endeavored to obtain a mission for her in a madhouse, but failed. They did not want to support her and so they tied her to a stake, built a fire round her and burned her to death. While the woman was suffering, the sons sprinkled holy water over her and even exorcised, told the police that they had burned their mother because of religious motives. The woman was sixty years old and had the reputation of being a sorceress.

SANITARY Inspectors Lucas and Romie "visited" the "Bend" in Mulberry street Aug. 17th, and seized 3,500 pounds of rotten fruit, meat, fish, vegetables, &c. The street vendors, who regard the Health officers as their natural enemies, station pickets at both ends of Headquarters, who give warning when they see the inspectors coming out. Inspectors Lucas had discovered a method of rejuvenating old eggs, practised by the Italians in the Bend. They put whites and yolks together in float pans, which are left exposed to the sunshine for two or three days. This process, it appears, makes the eggs a little less offensive, and they are sold by the quart.

THERE has been a good deal of excitement over the reported action of the Patent Office in considering the application of Prof. Gray to have his original caveat reinstated. The reports flavor so much of probability that the recognition of Gray's priority would not be a surprise. So far the rumor has been used to the disadvantage of the Bell Company stocks, but should it prove true that Gray had at least recovered his patent it is doubt

FANWOOD.

From the Land of Hemp.

INSTITUTION STRAYS.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

A party of eleven, from Merida, Yucatan, Mexico, visited us on the 12th inst. They were accompanied by an interpreter, all of whom are from the best families in the South. The names of those who made up the party, were Leopoldo Yzquierdo, Manuel Medina and wife, Miss Sarah Medina, Miss Lucretia Medina, Eusebio Villamil and two daughters, Miss Argemera Villamil, Miss Elvira Villamil and Mr. Jose A. Bolfo. Mr. Eusebio Villamil is a wealthy merchant, and Manuel Medina, the owner of large plantations of hemp, the principal product of the country. They were cordially received by Superintendent Brainerd, who took them around to the various points of interest of the Institution. One of the party could spell well on his fingers and all manifested interest in the deaf and dumb.

The Institution has been infested with innumerable cats of late, and a raid on them was made last Thursday for the purpose of putting them out of existence. As the girls' tender mercies extend to the animal kingdom, these prowlers were protected and the raiders with loaded pistols "got left."

W. T. Collins, of Troy, N. Y., was a caller last Wednesday. His mission to this city was to meet his father from England.

Henry Held, a recent Fanwood graduate, of Albany, N. Y., was in this city visiting his chum, Edward Whalen, last week. He dropped in to see the boys here Wednesday and Thursday, before leaving for home. He says he is a tailor by trade, and is getting along well.

We were almost paralyzed with the black plug hat and "quite-English-you-know" air which accompanied W. H. Rose, who took us by surprise late Wednesday evening. He says he has learned considerable since leaving school. "Is no wonder, for isn't experience a good teacher?"

We will inform "J. H. H." the anxious Richmond correspondent that it was not Martin Flynn who was at the Gallaudet Club Excursion.

James B. Loyd, a High Class graduate of '86 writes to a friend here that he is a member of the Westfield Base Ball Club, of Westfield, N. Y., and that his club is generally victorious over other clubs.

School re-opens September 8th—only three weeks.

The painters are going their rounds and a pleasing effect of the paint brush is conspicuous on all sides.

Our Sunday visitors were H. Spring, his brother and sister, Roberts, Hennessey, N. Smith, Healey, Schneider and Katie Hunt.

Mrs. Keit and her hearing sister Miss Dezendorf, of Brooklyn, visited the Institution Friday, and enjoyed a game of croquet with some of the officers.

Fred. W. Meinken paid a pleasant visit to some of his schoolmates on the Sabbath day. He has returned from his trip to Boston, where he enjoyed the Boston-New York game last Saturday. He says he has an intention to accompany the New York League Club, when they start for Chicago on the 5th of next month.

Last Thursday Prof. Jones took his wife, children and Miss Katie Hunt, a High Class student, to Sea Beach, Coney Island, for a breath of salt air.

Messrs. Tweed, Brockmann, Kieswetter, Tyler, Glynn, Totten and Gooz enjoyed a trip to Fort Lee last Saturday with Supervisor Emmons. Mr. Emmons won forty canes from the "five-rings-for-five-cents-man," who frowned dreadfully as his stock of canes grew less, and finally refused Emmons, another chance for fear his business would be completely ruined. Nearly all the boys look quite dudsish with canes now.

Miss Edith Ryer returned from her four weeks' rest last Saturday, and has relieved Miss Jennie Williams, who started for a respite in Ocean Grove with her sister.

It is rumored on the Heights that one of our lady teachers has entered a marriage contract, the knot to be tied some future date.

The boys here have caught the kite craze.

The frequent appearance of calves and cows on the Institution premises causes no end of delight to the small boy, who goes in pursuit with club and stone.

We were honored with a call from Mr. Moses (Smith, of Brooklyn, Tuesday last. He is a graduate of Fanwood and claims, with pride, thirty-three years of married life.

Frederick Fletcher, of Dredon, Germany, came up this way last Tuesday in an almost starved condition. He touched the sympathy of Superintendent Brainerd, who gave the poor hungry fellow all he could eat.

A man was drowned in the Hudson River opposite the Institution, on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 17th, while in bathing. A boy was also drowned on the same evening and near the same place, several deaf-mutes being witnesses.

AQUILA.

Gallitzin, Pa.

We are glad to announce the wedding of George C. Saunders, of this place, and Ella C. Naylor, of Cambria Station, near Philadelphia, which is to take place in Philadelphia, September 23d. Rev. Syle will tie the knot.

Chas. McKenzie, a deaf-mute, of Portage, Pa., was arrested in Pittsburg, at the Union Depot, for stealing a purse containing \$28.25 from his sister of the above named place. He had bought a ticket from Pittsburg to Chicago when the detective caught him. He is now at home, promising his parents to live a better life.

George C. Saunders and his assistant, E. M. Eller, both of this place, were the visitors of Mr. Charles Chatham and wife, Jacob Otto and wife and other prominent mute friends, of Altoona, last Sunday, which they enjoyed hugely. As Mr. Eller is a speaking person, it was quite interesting for him to go into a group of eight mutes to see them speak in their silent languages.

John Rosensteel, of Lovetio, Pa., is home on a vacation. He is only fourteen years old and is well posted in his school studies. He has been attending school at Wilkesburg, Pa., for four years, and in another year he is going to start up business of his own as a shoe-maker. Success to you, Johnnie, is the best wish of your friends.

Hartford Waifs.

The half-yearly meeting of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb was held on Monday at the Cannon Street Hotel. In their report the committee stated that it had become necessary to re-build the Asylum on the Old Kent road, while the branch establishment at Margate was being enlarged. An urgent appeal was therefore made for funds to enable the charity to meet the necessary increased—The College of Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb inaugurated last year at the City and Guilds Institute, South Kensington, under the presidency of Dr. John, held its first annual meeting Saturday last. The chairman (Mr. Richard Elliott, of Margate), stated that twenty-nine candidates had presented themselves for examination for the certificate of the college, their respective spheres of labor being Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, London, &c.—The *Illustrated London News*, July 17, '86.

The *Journal* writer saw in the *Hartford Times*, recently, an item stating that "the convention of deaf-mutes is now in session in Portland, Maine. There are over 200 present. The *Argus* says: They represent all trades and branches. They come from tool factories, from gun shops, cotton factories and from farms, and in almost every branch of hand work deaf-mutes can now be found. Few can imagine the pleasure these people receive in meeting together again. Some have met here for the first time in twenty years. There are members present from the Hartford class of 1829 as hale and hearty as can be conceived. Several of these have lived in and around Portland all their lives. When they first went to Hartford, they used to go in stage coaches or in wagons, camping out as they went, consuming seven or eight days in the journey."

NOTES.

The Hartford School has been touched up with a coat of white paint. What is the difference between a dumb mummy and a mum dummy? Nothing to speak of, so far as we can see!—*Hartford Times*.

Jeremiah Closson, a deaf-mute old man living at the Newington Junction, Ct., cut a finger nearly off last week, and he will probably have it amputated.

Nobody ever heard of a dumb anarchist. Anarchism is to a very large extent a month of madness.—*Baltimore American*.

Unless a man is deaf, dumb, blind and a born idiot, he need not rail against the prohibition law at Newport. There is, it is true, water everywhere, but there are plenty of beverages to drink, too.—*Hartford Globe*.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Fairman, of this city, have gone to the vicinity near Worcester, Mass., for rest and pleasure.

George Smith, the mute cook of the Hartford School, leaves there to-day for a two weeks' vacation to be spent in Springfield, Mass., and Meriden, Conn.

Mr. Guild, the supervisor of the boys of the Institution, had gone on a star-bicycle ride to his old home in Hampton, Ct., and the Connecticut river resorts, recently.

Principal Williams returned last Thursday from some weeks' recreation enjoyed at the California Convention and West.

The *Journal* correspondent was told that the nuptials of Fred. C. Rock and Miss Mary Ward, of this city, will take place in a week or two.

8-24-'86.

Lowell Notes.

All the deaf-mutes, who attended the Portland Convention have returned safely, after having agreed that they had enjoyed the journey very much, especially to Old Orchard.

Mr. Howard M. Mayberry was the last to arrive, after having a week's travel all over the country near Portland. He lost his valise with its contents worth about twenty dollars.

Mr. Geo. E. Tripp is here for a day or two, and will go to Boston and

also to the watering places near Boston, during his one week vacation.

Messrs. Soper and McClelland, of New York, are here on a visit to the former's mother for a few days. They took a good deal of interest in the Merrimac Print Works, where they visited yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Wardman and Miss Lafferty went to Old Orchard Beach for a day, last Tuesday, and enjoyed the journey very much. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Wright and Miss Lafferty took a ride to Portland, and returned after hardly an hour's call on the deaf-mutes at the convention.

Miss Clara Wright is present at Old Orchard Beach, intending to stay there for a couple of days.

Mr. J. W. Soper was accidentally struck at the right side of his face by a large piece of wood in his shop yesterday morning, and he has been suffering with pains since.

It is expected that quite a number of mutes from the outside, will attend the picnic at the Willow Dale, on the 24th inst. The charge is sixty-five cents, including the ride to and back in the barge, and also the admission. Come one. Come all.

CONVENTION CRITICISMS.

The motion offered for the suspension of the rules in the case of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet seems unnecessary, as there is no rule about Life Members, except in the case of the ex-presidents and officers.

More than an hour was spent in making votes of thanks to various parties, while all the motions could be made into one which would take but five minutes, i.e., the Secretary should make a list of the parties to whom we should thank, and read the names of every party to the public, and move that a vote of thanks be extended to every one on the list.

HUBBIE.

Aug. 15, 1886.

A GARDEN PARTY AT FORDHAM.

The young lady members of the Brooklyn Sunday Class accepted the kind invitation of Miss Morgan, (Principal of the St. Joseph's Institute), to spend a day with her at Fordham, and great satisfaction was felt when they beheld a bright and lovely sky on the morning of the 4th inst., it being the day chosen for their visit.

Some of the young ladies had never seen the new building, and it was decided that all should view the Institute to their hearts delight. Refreshments, being served in the summer house, it was a gay and merry party that assembled on the bright green lawn so delightfully shaded with numerous trees.

The morning passed in pleasant conversation and games until dinner was announced, after which they proceeded to the girls' play-room, where they indulged in a grand march and merry dancing, which doubtless was but a preparation for the long-anticipated picnic of the St. Joseph's Union.

Several of the young ladies wished to visit the College grounds and Parish Church and four of them called at the College to invite Rev. Dr. Freeman to join Rev. Dr. Becker at the Institute, who had arrived at an earlier hour. It is needless to say that all were most happy to see the Fathers, as their presence always contribute great pleasure to the deaf and dumb. Refreshment was served on the lawn, and all were made happy by Miss Morgan and the teachers, joining in the various games.

After partaking of a liberal supper, it was past seven o'clock when the last visitor bade adieu, and may we all be spared for another such pleasant and friendly gathering, is the sincere wish of the writer.

It must not be forgotten that the Sunday Class will reopen at 510 Henry Street, Brooklyn, on the 22d inst., and we hope to see a large number of young ladies attend.

Among those who were present, were the Misses Lizzie and Bella Gardner, Lizzie and Neena Kernan, Nellie and Celia Kelly, Bridget and Annie Fogarty, Sarah and Sophia Lahey, and Bridget and Mary McCue. Also Misses Katie Colligan, Mary Lowry, Minnie Mackie, Jennie Malone, Mary Hughes, Mary Williams and Lizzie Mountain. The Misses Jennie Denning, Maria Kneer, Rosie Lackas, Annie J. Gillen, Jennie Brown, Katie O'Reilly, the Misses Maggie and Mary Gillen and last, but not least, were Miss Mary Finn with her friend, Miss Mary Mary Kenny.

A WELL WISHER.

IN MEMORIAM.

To the memory of the late Miss Minnie M. Green, of Dumont, Col.

BY M. J. SMITH.

My love, my life has fled!
Peace is destroyed.
Alas, when I found thee dead,
Just when we were to wed,
My soul was filled with dread
That no'er can be alloyed.

Cruel, harsh, relentless fate
Why should this be?
Why couldst thou not wait?
And thy decree abate
Till she became my mate?
Then have taken me.

Ah, Minnie, dearest wife,
Indeed thou wert mine,
Though never joined in life,
Yet in my heart ever wife,
Though I have taught but strife
My love is thine.

Wrecked are the hopes of yore,
Ambition is dead,
When to that heavenly shore,
Angels did wait thee o'er,
Sorrow I ne'er knew before
Bowed low my head.

Sad indeed is my lot,
Blighted my youth,
Love again will know me not,
For thou canst ne'er be forgot—
And yet I live—for what?
Nothing in truth.

WANTED.

A YOUNG LADY, who has studied the methods of instructing the deaf and dumb at the New York Institution, and has also done practical work there, is prepared to be governess to a few more pupils.

Address: Sunny Side, Walden, Orange Co., N. Y.

A SITUATION as teacher in an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, or the Blind, by Chas. M. Grow, Jr. He is conversant with the sign-language, a graduate of Western Maryland College, and a son of Chas. M. Grow, of the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb.

Address: Frederick City, Md.

MISS S. W. KEELER, after many years of institution experience, has decided to receive a limited number of deaf and semi-deaf pupils for instruction in articulation and lip-reading. For further particulars, call on or address:

Miss Keeler, 72 West 50 St., New York City.

NOTICE.

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I. L. PEET, Principal.

C. N. BRAINERD, Supl.

ADDRESS: N. Y. Inst'n for the Deaf & Dumb

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tenth Hall, 108 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jahring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas. E. Green, Second Vice-President; G. L. Reynolds, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Thos. Grady; Vice-President, Frank B. Shattuck; Corresponding Secretary, Martin Aronson; Recording Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry Smith. Divine services first and third Sundays alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 8th St., San Francisco, Cal. Strangers and mute friends are cordially welcome.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are: President, A. W. Grant; Secretary, E. W. F. Bee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M. at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 80 West 10th Street. First and last meeting of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to John Lloyd, Jr., Corresponding Secretary, 320 Broom Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at 110, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. Fred Becker, President; Alfred Bierlein, Secretary. His address is 36 Celestial St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of its members. Mr. Geo. Silfer is President, and Thomas Green is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1904 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE LEEPE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Green is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset St. Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows: Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of disseminating intellectual, improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month, eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor,